

then you're left in the dust (unless i stuck by ya)

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by [thewestwinged](#)

Summary

“ouch,” miles says, which doesn’t even begin to cover things.

(miles takes a big hit. lucky he’s got some friends to patch him up.)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It starts, as some things are wont to due, with a late-night patrol and a scream from an adjacent alleyway.

Miles swings over, lands on a lamppost, in that weird half-crouch he swears he hasn’t picked up from Peter. He counts five figures - a guy and a girl, backs pressed up against the side of a building. Three other guys, waving knives around.

God, he hates knives.

Rolling his shoulders, focusing his vision - Miles shoots a web straight to the knife pressed closest to the girl’s throat, yanks it back. “Anyone ever tell you to keep sharp objects facing down when you’re walkin?” He shouts. *Oooh, Home Ec burn. Good one, Morales.*

That’s when the fun really starts.

Miles swings across the street, shooting the unarmed guy with a couple quick web bursts, until his arms are pinned to his sides. He kicks him down, mid-swing towards the second figure, pulling his knife away, too, and launching it somewhere very far east. They trade punches, and Miles gives as good as he gets. He's midway through tying him up, too, when there's another scream from behind him.

The last guy is coming at the girl, fast, moonlight glinting off of the sharp edge of his blade, too much of it covered by his shoulder for Miles to grab it. So he does the only thing he thinks to do.

He gets in the way.

A quick swing and half a second has him standing firm between the girl and her attacker. Another half a second has his fist to the guy's face, has the fading footsteps of the couple as they sprint into the night.

You could say thank you, he doesn't say, for two reasons. Mainly because it's not people's fault they don't know him - know his version of Spider-Man - well enough, yet. Also, though, because he's just realized that the last guy got him right in the gut with the knife, and there is... God, there is *so much blood*, just, everywhere.

"Ouch," Miles says, which doesn't even begin to cover things.

Immediate thoughts:

1. Thank god for adrenaline?
2. There is a hole in his stomach.
3. His head is swimming, partially because of the hole in his stomach, but also probably because it got bumped, at some point during the fight. That's not great.
4. He's gonna have to find some way to fix the suit.
5. There is a stab hole in the center of his abdomen and it hurts *so much*.

He stumbles into an adjacent alleyway, and then into another, watching out for sirens. It's never good to stick around when the police get there. It's - he's - he's pressed against a brick wall somewhere nearby, probably. Things are spinning. He can't remember which way is home. His legs are like sticks of yogurt Jello.

And then there are two voices, exploding from either side of him:

"Jesus fucking Christ-"

"*Miles* ?!"

He crumples against the ground. The air is swimming, like *Starry Night* by Van Gogh, like his favorite kind of street art. In front of him, two hazy portals bounce in the air, one with Peter, mid-swing across a starlit sky, and one with Gwen, curled up in bed. Both of them look horrified.

They split, dividing like cells, merge back together. Actually, that might just be him. He's pretty dizzy.

He tries to speak, but there's something caught in his throat, something sticky and coppery on his tongue that he can't swallow down. "Is it bad?" He manages.

"Gwen, I'm going," Peter says.

"Through the-" Her question is cut off by the quiet little spark the portal makes as Peter steps

through, running to Miles' side.

"Peter?" Miles asks. Peter's sort of wobbly, like one of the balloons they have outside of car dealerships. "Gwen..?"

Peter's eyes rake over him, calculating injuries. He winces, probably because he's just noticed how bad Miles' stab wound is bleeding. "It - It's too cold out here," he says, loud. Presumably to Gwen, who is watching the two of them with the widest eyes Miles has ever seen on a human being. "Gwen, we have to move him. Is anyone home?"

Gwen shakes her head. "Not for hours," she says, and her voice is too quick, too breathless. "Bring him here."

And then Peter's crouched down. His hand curls around the back of Miles' neck, and it burns, it's so warm. "Try to stay still," he says, through gritted teeth. "God, Miles, what happened?"

"Got stabbed," Miles says.

"No shit," Peter responds, picking him up. He's gentle about it, but it still hurts like hell. Miles lets out an involuntary cry, and Peter winces, again. A full body shudder kind of thing. "Damn it, sorry, kid."

"S' fine," Miles mumbles. "Fine." He wrinkles his nose, tries not to slur his words. "D'you usually curse this much?"

Peter lets out a sharp breath of air that might have been a laugh, had he not been so tense. *Stay like that too long, and you'll get a six-pack*, Miles doesn't say, half because it doesn't seem like the time, and half because he probably would have messed up the delivery.

He's never been through a portal before, and either fortunately or unfortunately, he dissociates straight out of his body for the time it takes Peter to get them settled on Gwen's kitchen table. "-the hell is going on," Gwen is hissing. "Has this *happened* before?"

"The portal, not the - the stab wound," Peter whispers back. "And it was once - *fuck*, Gwen, he's fucking bleeding out--"

They're both terrible whisperers. Miles almost laughs, and then realizes how badly that would hurt. Their conversation cuts in and out for a long moment before their blurry shapes seem to come to a consensus.

Gwen moves to stand next to him, thumb tracing gently over a bit of dried blood on his forehead. "Miles, I'm going to get the First Aid kit, okay?" she says. Her voice is a little high pitched, like a little hummingbird. "And Peter's gonna call for help. We'll be right back."

Even in the dim lighting, Miles can see the nauseated, green tint to her cheeks. The way her hands are fluttering, like butterflies, nervous and quiet. And Peter - Peter looks sick, too, and he's staring at a spot on the wall just above Miles' head with this awful guilty expression.

The thought claws its way into the forefront of his brain - if this is their plan, well, he can't blame them. No, he understands. He's seen death, and it's messed him up enough, he knows better than to wish the same on his friends. It's not their fault. He won't make them stay.

He watches Gwen's blonde hair disappear behind the kitchenette. Peter moves to go, too. Something gross and scared twists in his chest. He won't make them stay. He won't.

He-

“ Please don’t leave me ,” he chokes out.

And then Peter is by his side, again, smoothing a cool hand over his forehead. “I’m right here, Miles,” he says, voice cracking and soft, “I’m not goin’ anywhere.” He brushes away hair damp with either sweat or blood, Miles really can’t tell. And the platitudes keep falling from his mouth like some kind of dam has been burst, stuff like “you’re gonna be alright,” and “please, kid, you just gotta keep your eyes open for me, okay?”

It’s the least Miles can do. He struggles to lift his eyelids up, focuses on the stray tear or two slipping down Peter’s face. “It’s okay,” he finds himself saying. He gestures weakly upwards, eyebrows furrowed, catches a teardrop on his pointer finger. “It’s okay.”

Peter takes a shaky breath in, scrubs at his face. “I know it’s okay,” he says, but even his voice is wobbling. *“ I’m telling you* it’s okay.”

“I’m sorry,” Miles says. It takes a moment for him to sound out the words, but he gets there. “Peter, I’m sorry.”

Peter’s face screws up something terrible, and Miles doesn’t like that look on him, but he doesn’t know how to get rid of it. “Don’t,” Peter says. “And don’t - don’t fucking fall asleep, Miles, *please* .”

Miles tries, he really does. He’s awake when Gwen comes back with the First Aid kit, if a little blurry, still. The antiseptic stings like all hell, and he tries to writhe, but Peter has his arms pinned down. Gwen is whispering something, then, and her voice is so scared, but it’s nice. Like a blanket? A fuzzy blanket. Maybe that’s the concussion talking, but at this point...

At this point...

He’s trying, he really is, but sleep is calling to him, pressing his eyelids down ever so gentle, and he’s not quite strong enough to resist.

When he wakes up, his everything feels like it’s been lit on fire and then buried in sewage. A croaky, froggy groan escapes his mouth, and then all of a sudden there’s a hand on his forehead, cool. “Don’t hurt yourself,” Gwen says, from somewhere above him. “You’ve had a pretty bad go of it.”

And then there’s a different voice - a new voice. Older and smoother. “Is he awake?”

Miles feels his forehead crease in confusion. “Mrs. Parker?” He tries to open his eyes, and finds that it is entirely too bright to do much of anything, wherever he is. “Oh, god, someone turn the sun off.”

There’s a stifled, hysterical kind of laugh to his left. “Yeah, he’s okay,” Gwen says. She might be crossing her arms, or something, but her tone is so clearly relieved, Miles can’t help the responding grin that crosses his face. “Hey, don’t smile,” she chides. “We’re all very upset with you.”

“Speak for yourself,” Peter says, but his voice is muffled, like his mouth is blocked by something.

Miles finally opens his eyes, for good. He’s stretched out on the couch in May Parker’s living room, covered in a thick blanket, stomach bandaged to all hell. Gwen is leaning against the wall,

arms crossed, and Peter is sitting in the chair next to him, making his way through what looks like his second burger. Mrs. Parker looks over at him with a fond little smile.

And then he realizes - "We're in my dimension," he says.

Peter nods, shoving a couple fries into his mouth.

"But-" Miles splutters. "What if you two get stuck here?"

"Better than you getting stuck in mine," Gwen says, staring firmly at the ground. "I mean, we won't be, though." She gestures to the side of the room, where two portals hang on the wall - one to Gwen's bedroom, and one to the same patch of sky Peter had been swinging through. It's day, now, and the sun is streaming in from all three universes, but it isn't so blinding. Just kind of warm.

"I told you," Peter says, wiping at his mouth with a crumpled napkin. "The multiverse isn't done with us."

Miles swallows. His body wants to protest about *something*, like. He should be at school, someone's probably looking for Gwen, doesn't Peter have another New York to protect?

But Gwen beats him to the punch, sitting down hard on the couch next to him. "You almost died, stupid," she says, and her voice is serious. "There wasn't anything else to do. So just."

He waits for her to finish, and then when he realizes she isn't going to, places a gentle hand over hers, where it's resting next to his leg on the couch. "I'm okay," he says.

And he is, really. A little shaken, a little pained, but on the whole it's just about what he expected this whole Spider-Man gig to be like. He just has to keep getting back up, is all. And hey, maybe he can finesse some first aid information from his Mom, so maybe next time he'll avoid scaring the crap out of his friends.

Gwen grips his hand, maybe a little too tight, but that's what spider-strength is for, right? "Okay," she says. Pauses. "Do you... do you have anywhere you need to be, right now?"

Technically, according to the clock, Calculus BC started five minutes ago. But Gwen and Peter are *here* - Gwen's fingers curled around his hand, Peter watching over both of them with a half-smile - and he remembers how much he's missed them these past few weeks. How much he's missed being looked at and *known*.

"Nah," Miles says. He lets himself grin. "I have a couple hours." The look of pleased relief on both Peter and Gwen's faces does something funny to his heart. "Hey, is Super Smash Bros Ultimate out in your dimensions yet?"

End Notes

I Am Not A Doctor altho this is accurate to my health class first aid education
asdagsdakhsdj

i got so many god tier reviews on 'the atlantic was born today' like????? thank yall so much???? i Love you?????

heres more spideyfam shenanigans! i want miles' mom and dad to meet gwen and peter and also the rest of the gang so like that might be a thing that happens next bcos i LOVE rio

morales and jefferson davis with all of my bones... lmk your thoughtsTM
hmu @ foxglovesfemme on tumblr to scream about these Good Kids and their trash uncle

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